**[OL’ HIGUE by Wordsworth McAndrew](http://voiceofguyana.com/2006/01/22/ol-higue-by-wordsworth-mcandrew/" \o "Permanent Link to OL’ HIGUE by Wordsworth McAndrew)**

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Ol’ woman wid de wrinkled skin,  
Leh de ol’ higue wuk begin.  
Put on you fiery disguise,  
Ol’ woman wid de weary eyes  
Shed you swizzly skin.

Ball o’ fire, raise up high  
Raise up till you touch de sky.  
Land ‘pon top somebody roof  
Tr’ipse in through de keyhole – poof!  
Open you ol’ higue eye.

Find de baby where ‘e lie  
Change back faster than de eye.  
Find de baby, lif de sheet,  
Mek de puncture wid you teet’,  
Suck de baby dry.

Before ‘e wake an’ start to cry  
Change back fast, an’ out you fly.  
Find de goobie wid you skin  
Mek de semidodge, then – in!  
Grin you ol’ higue  
grin.

In you dutty powder gown  
Next day schoolchildren flock you round.  
“Ol’ higue, ol’ higue!” dey hollerin’ out  
Tek it easy, hold you mout’  
Doan leh dem find you out.

Dey gwine mark up wid a chalk  
Everywhere wheh you got to walk  
You bridge, you door, you jealousie  
But cross de marks an’ leh dem see  
Else dey might spread de talk.

Fly across dis window sill,  
Why dis baby lyin’ so still?  
Lif’ de sheet like how you does do,  
Oh God! Dis baby nightgown blue!  
Run fo’ de window sill!

Woman you gwine run or not?  
Doan mind de rice near to de cot.  
De smell o’ asafoetida  
Like um tek effect ‘pon you.  
You wan’ get kyetch or what?

But now is too late for advice,  
‘Cause you done start to count de rice  
An’ if you only drop one grain  
You must begin it all again.  
But you gwine count in vain.

Whuh ah tell you?  
Day done, light an’ rice still mountin’  
Till dey wake an’ kyetch you countin’  
An’ pick up de big fat cabbage broom  
An’ beat you all around de room.  
Is now you should start countin’

Whaxen! Whaxen! Whaxen! Plai!  
You gwine pay fo’ you sins befo’ you die.  
Lash she all across she head  
You suck me baby till um dead?  
Whaxen! Whaxen! Plai!

You feel de manicole ‘cross you hip?  
Beat she till blood start to drip.  
“Ow me God! You bruk me hip!  
Done now, nuh? All you done!”

Is whuh you sayin’ deh, you witch?  
Done? Look, all you beat de bitch.  
Whaxen! Whaxen! Pladai! Plai!  
Die, you witch you. Die.  
Whaxen! Whaxen! Plai!